

HOULKA LOCAL NEWS

Mr. Earl Palmer of Paducah, Ky., has been in town for the past week looking after some new orders for the Ferguson-Palmer million dollar lumber company. Mr. Palmer thinks prospects for the lumber trade looks good for continued running of the big mill.

Dr. B. S. Guyton of Ingot and Mr. John Brown of Pontotoc "Forded" to Houlka last Monday. Dr. Guyton exchanging a runabout body for the five passenger size with J. M. Black.

Mrs. Annie H. Reed and Mrs. Emma Sadler left for Memphis last Tuesday. The latter going for special dental work.

Miss Lillian Pool of New Orleans was the guest of Miss Grace Newell the latter part of last week.

Mr. J. B. Going and family, and Mr. Hiller of Calhoun City were guests of C. N. Thorn Saturday and Sunday.

Mrs. Jas. McGovern is visiting her daughter, Mrs. P. W. Griffin.

Messrs. J. C. Beasley, O. M. Harrill, R. E. Atwell, J. A. Williams and Hendrix Wade a trip to Calhoun City Sunday.

The parcel post sale and ice cream supper Saturday night, given by the Baptist ladies was a great success.

Miss Lola Evans of Vardaman was the pleasant guest of her aunt Mrs. Alice Wade latter part of last week.

Ask Jim Shields what to do when auto wheels gets wrong.

Both gins are running full blast now.

Mr. Cleland Reeder is visiting Mr. Joe Reeder.

Messrs. Sam Smith and Cecil Inmon of Pittsboro were in town on business last Thursday.

Mr. J. R. Shoffner is away on a business trip to Greenville where he is soon to move.

Mrs. Stevens of Tillatobia, Mr. Walter Alexander and Nellie Holladay were the guests of Mrs. M. J. Alexander Sunday.

Dr. John D. Winter and family and Mr. L. M. Edward of Lambert are visitors in the home of former parent Mr. J. W. Winter.

The gins up until Wednesday night had ginned 177 bales of cotton.

Miss Grace Newell entertained in honor of her friend Miss Lillian Pool of New Orleans with progressive rook. It was a delightful affair, delicious refreshments being served.

HOULKA HIGH SCHOOL.

School is progressing nicely. Two new pupils started Monday.

The girls will play tennis and croquet this winter instead of Basket Ball as heretofore.

The boys have been cleaning their diamond and will soon be prepared for match games.

We have organized the literary societies. The girls and boys being divided into two sections and it is our aim to have contest each quarter in recitations, music and athletics.

The names of the girls Clubs are the Sidney Lanier, and the Ryan.

Miss Janet Walker of Houston has started an expression class here.

Dwight Phillips started to school this week.

The tenth grade is to be complimented on their extra fine lesson in English.

If you want to come to a good school come here as we teach not only the literary course, but also music and expression.

Modena Savely was elected librarian.

The tenth grade is soon to stage a play. Further particulars later.

The Ryas society met last Monday and had a very interesting program.

The boys are playing baseball and will soon be ready for match games.

Bob Shelton is again with us after a spell of sickness.

The enrollment of the High School has reached 130.

Misses Towery and Shoffner were pleasant visitors to the school Monday.

SOME SWEET.

Mr. C. N. Thorn has already made between 2500 and 3000 gallons of molasses and more cane is continually coming in. Between this and the corn, wheat, oats, potatoes and other food crops raised around here it seems that the farmers are in earnest about raising their food at home.

An Interesting Reminiscence.

Mr. Warren D. Reid, a gallant Confederate Veteran, a successful and substantial planter living on an ideal farm five miles north of Houston, has kindly consented to the republication of this interesting reminiscence. When the big reunion of both Confederate and Federal soldiers was held at Gettysburg over two years ago, he went over the same ground where he was wounded and later where he and Mr. Marable escaped from prison and finally ran into the most delicious ham ever cooked in all the world. The memory lingers yet of "the ham what am" and we'll bet our last jitney that they wished their "taster" had been a million miles long. From the Richmond Virginia Dispatch of Aug. 19, 1900; we reproduce it from its Confederate Column.

The following thrilling story of the escape from Fort Delaware, by Sergeant Reid, of Houston, Miss., and his cousin, Joseph G. Marable, now deceased, was written at the request of Mrs. McIntosh, to be placed by her in the Mississippi Room of the Confederate Museum, in this city, where, with relics and mementoes, and other stories of brave Mississippians, carefully and affectionately placed by the vice-regents, generations to come will read of the self-sacrifices and heroism of the Confederate soldier.

Sergeant Reid's story is as follows:

CAPTURED AT GETTYSBURG.

On the 3rd of July, 1863, the Eleventh Regiment of Mississippi Volunteers, A. P. Hill Corps, with the other troops of Lee's army, made the memorable charge at Gettysburg, Company H, of the above regiment of which I was orderly sergeant, went into that charge with twenty-six officers and men. We had fifteen of that number killed in the charge. The remainder, with the exception of three, were wounded and captured. I was among the latter number. My wound was slight.

That evening after the charge, those of us who were captured and able to march were corralled (about 1,500) near the battle-field, and that night and the next day marched to Westminster, Md., where we were put on a train and run into Baltimore; marched from the depot to Fort McHenry, where we remained all night—a night never to be forgotten by one of those ragged, half-starved Confederates. It rained all night, and we stood huddled out in the open, shivering like leaves or sitting down. We were then put aboard of a canal-boat and carried by way of the Chesapeake and Delaware canal to Fort Delaware, where we were landed about the 6th of July.

Fort Delaware was situated on an island of about ninety acres in the upper end of Delaware Bay. We were placed in barracks, in the northwest corner of the island, with a plank wall around to secure us. We were barely fed enough to keep us alive.

On the outside of our camp stood the fort, officers' houses, hospital, and other buildings. However, we were never allowed to go out except now and then in small details to load or unload a vessel (a service I had never been called upon to do.) On the way from our barracks to the wharf was a gate in the wall, about twelve feet wide, through which all communications were carried on. This gate stood open during the day, with a guard at each post, and, of course, it was regarded as sure death to attempt to pass it without permission, and I guess no one ever got that, except to do a job of work at the wharf.

Of course, among so many (1,500 or 2,000) soldiers, there were some not entirely satisfied with the board and lodging furnished, and so soon as they were assured that there was no hope of being exchanged began to concoct plans of escape. Among that number were your humble and a cousin, a member of the same company, Joseph G. Marable. Our first plan was to go out by means of canteens, by getting two apiece, corking them very close, stringing them together, and placing them under our arms, and thus making the swim of three or four miles, as we thought. We also intended to pass out by another route. But others had been attempting this, and, in consequence, this route was very closely guarded—in fact, so close was the watch at this point that it was at that time utterly impossible to make it.

GAME OF BLUFF.

So, as Bill Arp has it, we did "considerable ruminating," and finally on the 15th of August, we decided upon Stonewall's plan of "taking them in the rear." To do this we must pass the gate and make our exit from the New Jersey side of the island, thus going directly from home.

So on the morning of the day mentioned we walked up to the gate and passed out, treating the guard with perfect contempt, and not deigning so much as to look at them. They were thus thrown off their guard thinking, of course, no one would attempt such a thing without authority. Once out of the pen, we met a good many, strolling around the island, some of them our own men who had taken the oath. So we attracted no attention, while making a survey of the island. We did not find a boat to leave on that night, hence we selected a ladder made of scantling about twelve feet long, at an officer's barn, and after making such other arrangements as were necessary we repassed the gate without any trouble, got a pot, boiled our clothes to get rid of the lice, for we knew we had a long tramp before us, and unless we got rid of the lice they would totally devour us before we reached our journey end. So, after drying our clothes, we passed out the gate for the last time, one at a time. After getting out we hid in separate places till good dark. About 8 o'clock we met as per agreement, at a little building being put up for a doctor's office. We then secured our ladder and tied to it our shoes and a piece of plank, to be used as a paddle. Then came the most dangerous, careful and particular part of our work. Passing the gate was dangerous, but it only required bluff and impudence, besides a little nerve, and we were tolerably well supplied with the two former. But to pass a good sentinel, continually walking his post, with his turning points not more than forty or fifty yards apart, laden with the old ladder and approaching him at almost right angles on a bright star-lit night, in a perfectly open place—not even a shrub or bunch of grass to hide us—was the cleverest work I ever did.

CAREFUL CREEPING.

But I should have before explained that there was, and perhaps is yet, a levee thrown up around the island, I guess for the purpose of keeping off tide-water. This was five or six feet high, and in getting the dirt to make the levee a canal about twelve feet wide and about three feet deep was formed. Thus, we had to cross this canal to pass the guard on the levee.

Having arranged everything, we selected our man to slip, and after carefully getting his turning point, or the end of his beat, we proceeded to slip on him, as he went from us, at an angle of about thirty degrees. Just before he made the turning point we lay flat on the ground till he made the round and started back. Proceeding in this way for about one hour and a half, we at last made the distance of about 150 yards. We had then crossed the canal, and were quietly lying at the bottom of the

levee with our sentinel marching back and forth, passing within five feet of us.

Finally, as he passed, we raised our ladder on top of the levee, not more than fifteen or twenty feet behind him, and gently slipped down into the bay. Sinking our bodies under the water, we pushed the ladder far out in the bay. When Marable mounted, unslashed our paddle, and announced everything ready for me to mount, up I went and down went the ladder. Just as we feared, it failed to bear us up. However, I slid off behind and held to the back round of the ladder, while Marable paddled all night long, and till about 8 o'clock in the morning. One vessel passed us in the night, and when off at some distance we were a little uneasy for fear that it might run us down, but we only felt the waves as it passed. We landed, turned our ladder adrift, and after wandering around awhile found that we were on a small island, from which we soon crossed to the mainland of New Jersey by means of a plank.

Here we remained that day and the next resting up. But we got little rest or sleep for the mosquitoes. So on the second night we appropriated some farmers little boat and recrossed the Delaware bay.

I should have stated that when we landed in New Jersey we could see nothing of the fort, and concluded that we must have traveled at least twelve or fifteen miles.

MADE FOR CHESAPEAKE.

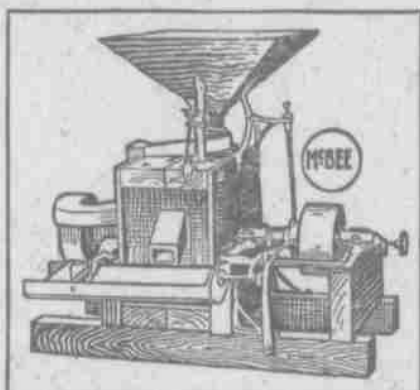
Once on Delaware soil, we made for the Chesapeake Bay. On the fifth day after leaving the fort, in almost starving condition, we came to a house where the old folks had gone to a harvesting, so the children gave us all the loaf-bread and buttermilk we could consume. This occurred about 10 o'clock A. M. After leaving the house we could scarcely walk 200 yards, we were so full of loaf bread and buttermilk. However, we continued our tramp, and about 2 P. M., came to a little country store, where we had a short rest, some peaches, and a chat with a

(To be continued next week.)

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